RRR
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Great Book "Suppressed"!

by Murray N. Rothbard

One of the most important books in years has been, in effect, suppressed by the liberal/Official Conservative/neocon Establishment. Not, of course, the way Stalin and the KGB did it by Gulag and jackboot, but by a concerted campaign of total silence, by what Old Right historian Harry Elmer Barnes called "the blackout." So powerful are the forces at work that the suppression has been successful, even though the book has been published by a major mainstream publishing house, Macmillan/Twayne.

This vital new book is Professor Paul Gottfried's *The Conservative Movement*, a revised edition of his and Tom Fleming's book of the same name published five years ago. But don't make the mistake of thinking this is merely an updated, slightly revised edition of the older book. *This is a brand-new book!*

For five years ago was a lifetime in political and movement history. 1988 was before the Soviet collapse, before the transformation of both the conservative and libertarian movements. When they wrote the first edition in 1988, Fleming and Gottfried were in transition, just beginning to work their way out of Buckleyite-Reaganite Official Conservatism, just beginning to realize that something was deeply awry.

Since then, Gottfried and his fellow new Old Rightists have broken free to form the "paleoconservative" movement. Paul Gottfried here chronicles his rediscovery of the isolationist/anti-New Deal Old Right of the pre-Buckley era. He engages in a blistering critique of current Official Conservatism, notably including the neocons and the role of Bill Buckley in the transformation of the Right. The critique extends, not just to ideology, but also to the financial and power peccadilloes by which the neocons, using their control of right-wing foundations, have captured and dominated the contemporary Right. Paul Gottfried *knows where the bodies are*

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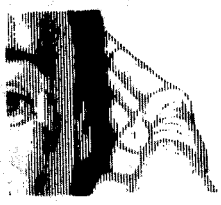
One of the most important books in years has been suppressed.



THE EAR

by Sarah Barton

Trouble in Paradise? It's not all fun and games in that "open," "friendly," "informal," jeans-wearing White House the enraptured media have been gushing about. The other day, a Washington journalist was visiting a friend who is a White House aide. The journalist spotted Hillary's best buddy, lantern-jawed Susan Thomases. The friend rushed the journalist into a corner and whispered

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(THE EAR cont. from pg. 1)
"a new White House axiom" into his ear: "Any interaction with Susan Thomases can never be good."

* * * * *

Mario did not get that Supreme Court nomination he's been yearning for: and not only because of leftist pressure for a woman/black/Hispanic or because of possible Mafia connections in his wife's past. For if Mario leaves the governor's post, the irrepressible Al D'Amato might be elected governor next year, and become a powerful thorn in the Clintonian side. So poor Mario might be required to wait until whatever position opens up after he is reelected in 1994.

A Libertarian coin minter and wacky free-banking promoter is in the crow-bar motel.

* * * * *

Libertarian coin minter and wacky free-banking promoter Conrad Braun has been in the crow-bar motel for the last two years for stalking and threatening to murder his ex-wife, according to the *Kansas City Star*. Also according to the *Star*, the last three employees of Braun's Gold Standard Corporation have resigned and told the police that Braun used more than $2 million in investors' money to speculate—unsuccessfully, of course—on commodity futures, via phone from the pokey.

* * * * *

Thanks to Cindy Adams, every gossip-girl's role model, Bill Clinton's *current* womanizing is a little further out of the closet. Cindy writes, in her *New York Post* column of April 2, that she received a signed letter from four male Washingtonians, known to (if not friends of) Clinton. The letter states that Clinton is Doing It, and names the job classification (and the name?) of the lady in question. And that is the reason for Hillary's notorious throwing "tantrums as well as lamps and vases" at her Prince Consort.

The letter to Cindy said that "We hope you are not giving Clinton the JFK protection bit."

Cindy has always been sound on Bill Clinton. During the campaign, she declared, on a TV show, that "Bill has had every girl around except me."

But how about the rest of the adoring left-liberal media? *Their* protection racket continues.

Now if we could only get the name of at least one current Clintonian girl-friend!

* * * * *

Speaking of Bill, he recently appeared with a long gash down his left cheek and an abrasion on his right. When asked about it, George Stephanopolous said they were shaving cuts. Then Clinton said he got them wrestling with Chelsea. The Ear hears, however, that they were love tokens from Mrs. C. ■

(GREAT BOOK cont. from pg. 1)
buried, and in this book he tells who and where they are!

Also, *for the first time in print*, Gottfried chronicles the saga of the modern libertarian movement, the split between paleo-libertarians and nihilo Left-libertarians. He is dazzlingly up-to-date, discussing the formation and the activities of the John Randolph Club, as well as the Buchanan-for-President campaign.

It's no wonder that the entire Respectable Establishment hates and reviles this book. If they were intellectually honest, they would subject it to their usual barrage of attacks. But they don't want to do that, because then the rank-and-file, conservative and libertarian activists and the general public, would find out about the book, buy it and be influenced by it. At all costs, the Establishment wants to avoid that. Hence, the conspiracy of silence that surrounds Paul Gottfried's *The Conservative Movement*.

This is the first book I have ever plugged in *RRR*. I'm doing it because I think it vital that as many people as possible read this book. You owe it to yourself and to the cause of liberty to rush out and buy this book, and to buy some for your friends. More important, you

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should level a barrage of letters, FAXes, etc. at the opinion-moulding media: the press, magazines, any place where books are reviewed. Demand that they review the book, whether the reviewer likes the book or not. Demand that these institutions allow the truth to get out! Write to *National Review*, *Human Events*, *Reason*, *Laissez-Faire Books*, the *New Republic*, anywhere else you can think of, and demand that they have the honesty and the responsibility to their readers to review the book!

Let's break through the blackout! ■

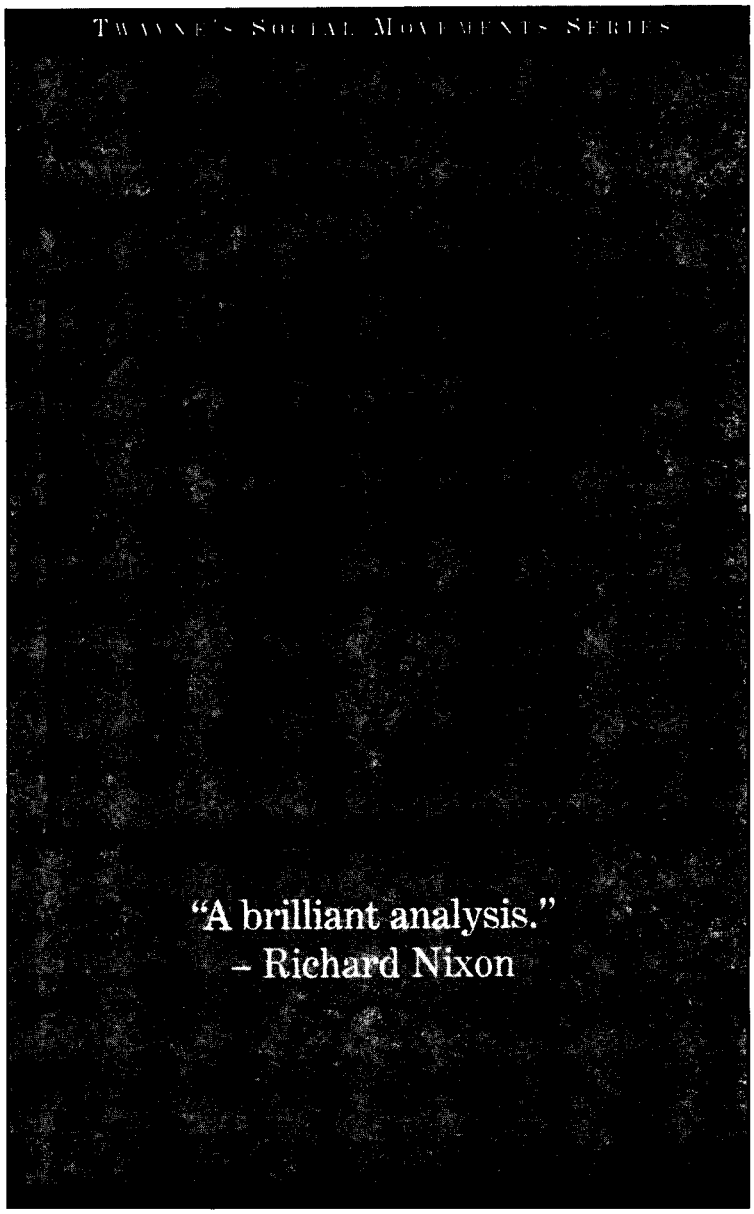
Self-Therapy and the Clinonian State

by M.N.R.

Professor Paul Gottfried has perceptively labeled the current welfare state as the "therapeutic state", and indeed "therapists" and sensitivity trainers are everywhere, using money looted from taxpayers and the bludgeon of government power to push people around, for "their own (therapeutic) good," of course. But a vital aspect of this therapeutic state has been overlooked: more and more, government policies are frankly designed, not to achieve their ostensible goals, but to make their proponents, in the current rebarbative phrase, "feel good about themselves." The point of more and more policies is to make their advocates feel better.

This has become starkly clear in the debates (such as they are) about American intervention in Bosnia. Patiently and rationally, the opponents, ranging from ideologists to experienced observers to military men, point out that American military intervention there simply cannot work: cannot accomplish the goals sought, whether these (incompatible) goals be enforcing Peace in the region, "guaranteeing the territorial integrity" of the (non-existent) nation of Bosnia, or rolling back and punishing Serbian "aggression." The proponents have now come to concede the point: intervention simply won't work. But their conclusion is not to abandon the futile and costly project; no, they invariably respond: "the situation is so bad that 'we' have *to do something*."

Take the palpably idiotic Clintonian policy of dropping heavy mounds of food to reach



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beleaguered Muslims in eastern Bosnia. The only way to make sure that the food got to the targets would be to fly at low, 100-feet levels and in the daylight. But that, the Clintonians realized, might well lead to the shooting down of American planes and the death of American fighting men. So, instead, the Clinton Administration dropped the mounds of food flying at 10,000 feet and at night. Well, bully: no American deaths, but who got the food? (Another ludicrous aspect of the policy was preceding the food by dropping millions of leaflets to warn the inhabitants that the food was going to be dropped, so they could stay out of the way and not get bopped on the head by tons of food-mounds.)

It was like a Ritz Brothers routine. What happened was predictable; the food, where it was not totally lost, mostly went to the enterprising Serbs (who also were showered by their own mounds of food so that the U.S. could claim an "evenhanded" policy in the region. This at the same time that the U.S. is trying to enforce an embargo in and out of Serbia!) So what was the reaction of the Clinton Administration to this incredible floperoo? No, you see, the policy was a *success*, because we *did something*, even though it didn't accomplish its goal.

So this shows that the *real* goal of the policy was to make the Clintonians, and the host of other interventionists, feel good; they *did* something (at *our* expense, of course). And that's the real object, isn't it? Intervention for the sake of intervention, of keeping intervention going. In this way, the serpent's philosophy of Pragmatism, which, in the early twentieth century replaced devotion to truth and principle by the slogan: "truth is whatever works," has now reached its dead end. What "works," that is, what attains your goals, now turns out to be wallowing in your own empty rhetoric, to act for the sake of action. Pragmatism degenerates into narcissism.

The *real* goal was to make the Clintonians, and the host of other interventionists, feel good.

It's the same for all the other Clintonian interventions: Somalia is still torn with fighting, and is worse after our food and our military intervention? So what? We did something; we feel good about it. Clinton's alleged program to cure the deficit is a sham and a fraud, and will actually increase it? So what: *at least we tried*.

The Clintonomic plan, too, is schizoid and senseless. Taxes are to be increased by a huge amount, "in order to cure the deficit"; it is assumed that the tax increases will have no bad effects on the economy, on production, on savings, on prosperity. On the other hand, government spending is to increase a great deal, in order (a) to "stimulate" the economy; and (b) to constitute "investment" for the future; these increases in spending are assumed to have no effect on raising the deficit. This is looney-tunes economics, Alice-in-Wonderland economics, Orwellian doublethink economics. The Clinton plan only makes sense if we realize that the goal is rhetoric, hype, Dr. Feelgood: "We" did something to stimulate the economy, we helped cure the deficit; we provided "investment," and so on.

Rush Limbaugh truly calls Clintonian policy "the triumph of symbolism over substance." On one level, what we are confronting here is the philosophy and the policies of the looney-bin; the inmates have indeed taken over the asylum.

But if this be madness, methinks there is method in it. Because the red thread that makes sense out of all the craziness, that shines through every policy, domestic and foreign, is that at every single step of the way: increased spending, increased taxes, increased intervention, multicultural sensitivity training, at every step the power of the State apparatus increases significantly at the expense of private citizens. What we are seeing here is a repetition of the Roosevelt New Deal on a more advanced level: another Great Leap Forward of State power, a Great Leap Forward in the

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direction of the ultimate goal: Socialism. A London paper recently reported that Boris Yeltsin came away from last year's June summit with George Bush disliking Clinton: the reason, he told his aides, is that Clinton is a "socialist." Well, if anyone is able to spot a socialist, it should be Yeltsin. It takes a former one to know one.

Ludwig von Mises spent his life demonstrating that statist policies do not work, that they are counterproductive, that they cannot reach their goals. Our modern-day socialists have, almost openly, conceded this point. But they press on: Why? Because, when you strip away all the phony rhetoric and the symbolism, and all the rest, as the Chief Torturer O'Brien informed Winston Smith in Orwell's *1984*, the goal is Power. Power for the elite, power for the rulers and their clientele, power for the "therapists," power for its own sake and for the perks it brings. The "philosophy," the rationale, has more and more been revealed to be a sham, but the power drive of these Social Democrat, Marxist-Mensheviks, carries on.

Perhaps the most disheartening aspect of the Age of Clinton is the feebleness of the Republican and "conservative" opposition. A few nitpicks here and there, but in grim contrast to the militant Old Right reaction against the Franklin Roosevelt Great Leap Forward, there is almost no determined, consistent, let alone properly bitter and militant, opposition. Even those mildly critical of Billary praise his "boldness," his "political savvy," his "qualities of leadership." They could have said the exact same thing about Stalin. The sellout of the Chamber of Commerce and various big business groups to Clintonian statism is lamentable but predictable; after all, when moral principles fade away, businessmen tend to see little or no difference between making profits by serving the consumer, or by leeching the government for contracts, subsidies, or monopoly privileges. But ideologues are supposed to be made of sterner stuff, men of principle. Instead, the response of all too many conservative leaders and think tanks is to crawl on their knees to Power: "Please Mr. Clinton, follow your own wise instincts, reject the pleas of special interests, and adopt my plan to. . . ."

It is an odious and repellent spectacle. The one note of cheer in the current miasma is that the *Verdamte* neocons, having assured everyone that Clinton is really a "moderate" and a "centrist," and having worked hard for his election, now find that they are out in the cold, without the patronage goodies they had been promised. Ben Wattenberg and Bill Safire are even expressing regrets for their support for Slick Willie. Well tough, guys, no group of charlatans deserved their treatment more. It's not of course that the neocons will learn from this experience and become better and more principled people; they are too far gone for that. It's just that it's one of the few political pleasures we have left to see these bozos get kicked in the teeth.

What makes Rush Limbaugh such a fascinating phenomenon is that, almost alone, in his remarkably successful radio program and now TV show (ably produced by the famed Roger Ailes), and in his bestselling book and newsletter, Limbaugh, day in and day out, with bitter mockery and humor, lashes out at Clinton and all his works. A major reason for his success is that he never lets up in attack, attack, attack at Clinton and Clintonia. Not "please Mr. Clinton, adopt my plan," but "Day 62 of America Held Hostage," of the "Raw Deal." Limbaugh is scarcely a deep thinker, and in his actual views, he never rises above the level of Official Conservative. But at least he has the proper attitude of bitterness and hatred toward Clinton and his Administration. Why is he virtually the only one? One would think that, if only for reasons of opportunism, that other conservatives seeing his success, would leap in to adopt the same hard-hitting, irreverent stance. With a thousand Limbaughs, we could Take Back America.

There is only one hope for blocking, if not reversing, Clinton's Great Leap Forward into socialism: unremitting, consistent, bitter attack, on the details, on the personnel, on the philosophy. Scorn and obloquy must be heaped upon every aspect of this Administration. Nothing less will save us. ■

Paleolib Victory In Michigan!

by M.N.R.

The leading paleolibertarian politician in the country is young Gregory Kaza, freshman

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Republican State Representative from Rochester Hills, Michigan. Kaza, once a youth leader in the Libertarian Party, later made his mark as a journalist and then as an economist for a public policy think tank in Michigan. Last year, Kaza, in his first try for public office, ran a remarkable grass-roots primary campaign against an incumbent who had the backing of the Official Conservative machine of Governor John Engler, as well as liberal Republicans. Kaza, of working-class background, ran a highly savvy campaign, maintaining his libertarian principles and combining them with a right-wing populist strategy and direct door-to-door campaigning. After trouncing the incumbent, he won handily in the general election, despite the incumbent's support for his liberal Democratic opponent.

Kaza quickly realized that the close Democrat-Republican line-up in the State House allowed one or a few Representatives to carry far more weight than a freshman would ordinarily enjoy. And so: Kaza has already become a leader of a libertarian Republican bloc in the House.

In mid-March, the Engler machine introduced a "no-knock" bill, to allow the police to break down a suspect's door without the traditional knock and "Open up! Police!" All the police would need would be a warrant from one compliant judge. The police, of course, find the quaint custom of knock and announcement an inconvenience. Representative Frank Fitzgerald, a former county prosecutor, declared that "knocking and announcing is hamstringing the police." The police explained that "an element of surprise is needed" to help the police "grab important evidence before it is flushed down the toilet," the "it" obviously being drugs in the government's endless, costly, losing, and counterproductive "war against drugs."

Greg Kaza has become a savvy and powerful figure for liberty in the Michigan legislature.

This custom, this "hamstringing," is nothing less than a vital defense of the right of private property, of the magnificent concept that every man's home is his castle, and by God, the cops or anyone else had better knock and announce themselves before presuming to bust down someone else's door.

The no-knock bill, which had passed in the State Senate, was expected to win handily, with Republicans supporting and Democrats voting nay. The Democrats indeed opposed the bill, with one Democrat stressing "everybody's constitutional right to security in their own homes," and another denouncing the bill as setting up a "Gestapo state." The bill would have sailed through, however, except for the determined opposition of a handful of dissident Republicans, of whom Greg Kaza was a leader. Kaza warned that "any time you start talking about altering the Bill of Rights, it's serious business." First, the dissidents managed to amend the bill to allow people hurt by a case of mistaken identity to sue the government for lost wages.

Then came Kaza's turn. Greg, freshman paleo Rep, offered a critical amendment to the no-knock bill: that, a warrant for no-knock must be issued, not just by one judge, but by two judges, including at least one circuit court judge. This significant limitation on police power, the Kaza Amendment, passed by a vote of 56 to 48, the 56 including seven dissident Republicans, headed by Kaza; these dissidents were clearly the decisive swing votes.

After just a few months in the legislature, Greg Kaza, maverick paleolibertarian, has become a savvy and powerful figure for liberty in the Michigan legislature.

Bright; articulate; savvy; hard-working; dedicated; a young married man; an ardent Catholic; and sound on every conceivable issue. Keep your eye on Kaza as a coming leader on the national political scene. There's hope! ■

The Oscars

by Mr. First Nighter

For once, the Academy

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Awards were tolerable—not the ceremony, which was longer, more boring, and more Politically Correct than ever—but the awards themselves. *The Unforgiven* was neither my favorite picture of the year, nor a particularly good movie or Western, but it was not too bad, and certainly infinitely better than the repellent *Crying Game*, which it just beat out by a nose. The great Clint Eastwood deserves an Oscar, and so this can be considered a "lifetime award." But he was only able to receive it for a genre hated by left-liberals because he made deep obeisances throughout the movie about the evils of violence, or of revenge, about the torments of "killing a man" and all the rest of the liberal swill. In other words, the hero Eastwood acts, most of the time, like a self-hating, liberal anti-hero. Also, the highly touted photography is another liberal feast: dark, murky, monochromatic. Despite all this, *The Unforgiven* is redeemed at the end by a magnificent and heroic final sequence, in which Eastwood abandons his *kvetching* and self-loathing and mows down the bad guys in a superb, action-packed *tour de force*.

One liberal critic explained that Eastwood could finally be given an award because such a long time had elapsed that he can be "forgiven" for the superb, right-wing *Dirty Harry*, one of the great movies of our age, directed by the same right-wing Don Siegel who brought us the top science-fiction movie in decades, the superb, scary, "conspiracy-theorist" *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* (the *original*, not the crummy, special-effects-driven, remake).

And yet some leftists are never satisfied. *Washington Post* columnist Richard Cohen bellyached that Morgan Freeman, black sidekick of Eastwood in *Unforgiven*, is accepted as a person by hero, villain, and the public alike and not constantly noticed or denounced for his race; according to the crackpot Cohen, Eastwood thereby deliberately underplays the "vicious racism" of the Old West and blah blah.

My own candidate for Best Picture was *Scent of a Woman*, a

Rating Senate Republicans: Extending Unemployment Benefits

Liberals who profess to worry a great deal about unemployment yet always try to subsidize it, and thus create more. On March 3, Senate Democrats drove through a seven-month extension of unemployment benefits set to expire on March 6; the additional burden is estimated to cost taxpayers $5.7 billion. The bill passed 66-33, the Democrats unanimously supporting it. The Republicans voted against the pro-unemployment measure by 33 to 10. A No vote on this ignorant and/or evil measure we rate as a "+"; a Yes vote is a "—."

Alaska		**Maine**		**Pennsylvania**	
Murkowski	+	Cohen	+	Specter	—
Stevens	—				
		Minnesota		**Rhode Island**	
Arizona		Durenberger	—	Chafee	—
McCain	+				
		Mississippi		**South Carolina**	
Colorado		Cochran	+	Thurmond	+
Brown	+	Lott	+		
				South Dakota	
Delaware		**Missouri**		Pressler	+
Roth	+	Bond	+		
		Danforth	+	**Texas**	
Florida				Gramm	+
Mack	+	**Montana**			
		Burns	+	**Utah**	
Georgia				Bennett	+
Coverdell	+	**New Hampshire**		Hatch	+
		Gregg	—		
Idaho		Smith	+	**Vermont**	
Craig	+			Jeffords	—
Kempthorne	+	**New Mexico**			
		Domenici	—	**Virginia**	
Indiana				Warner	+
Coats	+	**New York**			
Lugar	+	D'Amato	—	**Washington**	
				Gorton	—
Iowa		**North Carolina**			
Grassley	+	Faircloth	+	**Wyoming**	
		Helms	+	Simpson	+
Kansas				Wallop	+
Dole	+	**Oklahoma**			
Kassebaum	+	Nickles	+		
Kentucky		**Oregon**			
McConnell	+	Hatfield	—		
		Packwood	+		

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wonderfully dramatic and romantic old-fashioned "movie-movie," which features a truly bravura acting performance by Al Pacino, the best of his career (for which he was a walkover for the Best Leading Actor award). Pacino, a bitter ex-colonel blinded in a drunken accident, teams up with a refreshing young actor, Chris O'Donnell, as his minder while he has a last fling on the town before committing suicide in the military manner. O'Donnell, a poor scholarship lad in a posh Eastern prep school, faces a moral dilemma: should he snitch on a prank committed by his snotty schoolmates on the sneering, despotic headmaster, marvellously played by a former leading villain on the daytime soap operas? During the wild weekend, Pacino and the young lad learn from each other, and help each other through their respective crises, with Pacino delivering a great stump speech in the finale on the true requisites of becoming a "leader of men." Screenwriter Bo Goldman contributes a stirring screenplay, filled with the kind of sharp dialogue you rarely hear these days where grunts and gropes pass for conversation. Liberal *avant-garde* critics didn't like *Scent of a Woman*, calling it "superficial" and "sentimental." Translated: optimistic and life-affirming. That's all you need to know.

Emma Thompson got the Leading Actress award for *Howard's End*, the best of a poor crop in a typically pretentious, boring E.M. Forster movie that usually gets awards from unduly impressed Americano boobs. Gene Hackman was a solid choice for the villain in *Unforgiven*, although I would have preferred the sparkling performance of Jack Nicholson as the Queegish Marine martinet in *A Few Good Men*. *A Few Good Men* was a so-so movie, but the sort (with Tom Cruise and Nicholson) that usually gets lots of awards; for some reason it faded in the pre-award stretch. I'm usually not a great Nicholson fan, finding his eternal puckish leer tiresome, but he played this role to the hilt.

The Best Supporting Actress pick was a steal, since Marisa Tomei, who played a Brooklyn ethnic in the comic *My Cousin Vinnie*, was the leading actress, in what could scarcely be called a "supporting" role. This continues the common fraudulent practice of studios bumping down leading actors and actresses to the "supporting" category so as to increase their chances for an Oscar. In any case, Miss Tomei's cartoonish stint was far inferior to Miranda Richardson's striking performance in *Damage*. The award to Tomei is all the more inapt since the genuine star turn in the movie was that of "Cousin Vinnie" himself, the funny and frenetic Joe Pesci, who wasn't nominated for any award at all.

The true victory of the Oscars, however, was negative, in that the outrageously hyped, repellent *The Crying Game* came away without the Best Picture award. *The Crying Game* became a hit solely on the basis of an infamous coalition between the producer's outrageous hype and the battery of perverse, nihilistic left-liberal movie critics, who loved the picture beyond endurance. An undistinguished Irish drama about the IRA, the movie was hyped by the notorious Weinstein brothers, owners of Miramax, movie distributors who are unusually obnoxious even for the movie industry. The hype employed the gimmick of imploring critics and audiences alike not to give away the wonderful plot "surprise" of the movie. Critics kept talking about the "surprise," which brings new meaning and new insight to the nature of "love," and, as one critic put it, takes love beyond the "simplicities" of *Sound of Music* and into the "complexities" of "modern love." And even though the "secret" had been given away by the very fact that the movie's "heroine," British Negress hairdresser Jaye Davidson, was nominated for Best Supporting "Actor," *not* "Actress," Siskel and Ebert got into a furious fight on their popular TV show, when Ebert screamed at Siskel for "giving away" the precious secret.

The secret? That Jaye Davidson, girl friend of the IRA man's prisoner, whom the IRA man falls in love with, turns out to be a man, a truth, needless to say, graphically presented to the audience. In short; old simplicity means hetero-sex, modern "complexity" means transvestite/transsexual sex.

In fact, this seems to be The Big Cultural Event of the Year: genderbending. Not the old-hat idea that homosexuality is acceptable or good or even better; but that there is no difference between the sexes at all, that the seemingly natural

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"boundaries" between the sexes is only an artificial product of male-heterosex-dominated Western culture. Following on the heels of the *Crying Game*, is the latest hot movie in London, which soon will hit these shores: *Orlando*, a film of the old Virginia Woolf novel, in which the hero/heroine changes his/her sex every century, a male one century a female the next, and so on. Get the picture? And then we have the crazy female anthropologist with the hyphenated name writing an Op-Ed page in the August New York *Times* proclaiming that "Western Culture" has imposed the view that there are only two sexes. Instead, there are really *five*, the Orthodox, Judeo-Christian two, plus three versions of hermaphrodite, whom she claims constitutes 5 percent of the population, which 5 percent have of course been driven into the closet by our repressive culture. Next step: affirmative action quotas for the oppressed victimized hermaphrodite masses, yearning for validation. Yes, we must demand 5 percent hermaphrodites in our faculties, our professions, in the U.S. Senate, etc. Will all the oppressed hermaphrodites please stand up and reveal themselves?

And what about the Siamese Twin masses? When I was a kid, I saw Siamese Twins at a sideshow. Surely they must be a deeply suppressed, even cut-up, 5 percent of the population. Hell, let's make it 10 percent. Ten percent affirmative action quotas for the oppressed Siamese Twin peoples! And let's stop calling them with that disparaging name "Siamese." They are "Native American Twins!"

Who will deliver us from this Freak House culture?

Sound of Music, oh *Sound of Music*, you were really a tedious movie, but please, please, Bring it Back! Bring Back the Old Culture before it's too late! Who will deliver us from this horrible Freak House that our culture has become? — M.N.R. ■

A French Masterpiece!

by Mr. First Nighter

Faithful readers of mine are in for a severe shock. As they well know, I am notoriously hostile to films that are (a) slow, (b) dark and murky, (c) with long close-ups of suffering actors' faces substituting for dialogue, and (d) in a foreign language. Indeed, these four elements almost always go together.

Recently, I saw a movie which has all four of these elements. So much so, in fact, that an old friend of mine, who *loves* slow, plotless, gloomy, avant-garde movies, saw the film in Paris, and said that he and his friends went reeling out of the theater, "holding their heads," after three long, suffering hours. (Actually, it's less than two hours, but to him it felt like three.) I went to the theater fully prepared either to squirm uncomfortably, or to take a nap in the luxurious seats.

Instead, to the stunned surprise of myself and my wife, I found a genuine masterpiece, one of the best and most notable pictures in years. The picture is indeed French: *Tous Les Matins du Monde*, ("Every Morning in the World") directed by Alain Corneau, from a novel written in conjunction with the movie by Pascal Quignard, who then transformed it into the screenplay. It's true that there is little dialogue, but essentially substituting for it is truly glorious seventeenth-century French Baroque music, featuring the Baroque *viola da gamba*, essentially the Baroque ancestor to the modern cello. The music is truly a revelation, largely composed by the main figures in the movie. For the plot of the movie concerns the legendary 17th century violist and composer Monsieur de Sainte-Colombe (no first name known), and his student and disciple, the better-known Marin Marais. In addition to being a movie about little-remembered but marvellous musicians and composers, the soundtrack and the plot feature the music itself. It is also a romantic, moving and

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perceptive film about the truths and tensions of master-disciple relationship, which carries insights beyond music into scholarship, science, and indeed every walk of life. Sainte-Colombe is the pure musician, who, while the premier violist and composer of his day, has retreated into a quasi-hermetic existence, not merely out of mourning for his dead young wife, but also in revulsion against the trivialization of music by the flashy musicians and composers of King Louis XIV's court.

Scorning a call to play in the King's service, Sainte-Colombe is pestered by a bright young violist and composer who wants to study under him; the master is reluctant, for he sees the opportunism in the young lad's character. In later years, the student, young Marin Marais, indeed betrays Sainte-Columbe's daughter and leaves to become famous in the King's service; but later, older and fatter, Marin, knowing that the true soul of music had escaped him, returns to try to listen undetected to hear Sainte-Colombe play the marvelous lost compositions that the master refuses to publish and will take with him to his grave. In a stunning final sequence, the dying Sainte-Colombe and the returned and chastened Marais play a magnificent and heart-rending viola duet of the previously lost music.

The older Marais is played by the highly overrated Gerard Depardieu, but fortunately his part is a small one, the young Marais played by his son Guillaume, who actually looks very little like his old man. But the real star of the movie is Jean-Pierre Marielle, who is simply magnificent as the noble maitre, Sainte-Colombe.

This is one of the great films of recent years, which should not be missed. Although you should be warned that if you are so base as not to like Baroque music, this movie is not for you. The film came out in late 1991, but why didn't it receive the foreign film Oscar last year? Actually, I am happy to report that this film received seven Cesars (the French equivalent of the Oscar), and won awards for Best Film, Best Director, and Best Music. The sound track for *Tous Les Matins* has also been a big hit; over 350,000 copies of the CD have been sold in Europe, outselling even Michael Jackson in France, and was also No. 1 in Argentina. When the film opened in New York, 5,000 copies of the CD were sold in

Quotes That Need No Comment

Christopher Columbus was a Portuguese secret agent, whose voyage to America was an elaborate trick played on the Spanish to further Portugal's commercial interests, according to controversial new research.... This theory, the result of twenty years' research by Mascarenhas Barreto, a historian at Lisbon University, is the subject of a book just published in Britain.... His theory has received support from a handful of academics in Portugal and America. But most reject it. "Tripe," commented Professor Charles Boxer, *eminence grise* of British Columbus specialists. — The London *Sunday Independent*

When Franz Schonhuber heard in December that the far-right Republican party he heads was to be put under observation on suspicion of being anti-democratic, his reaction was provocative: "Greetings from Hitler!" ...In his dealings with officialdom and the media, he often appears reasonable, even plausible. Yet at his rallies he can strike chords that set alarm bells ringing throughout Germany. For instance, when he says: "Germany must come first; we are not the welfare office of the Mediterranean; the Deutschmark must never be sacrificed on the altar of European union; we must never allow the green flag of Islam to fly here." Franz Schonhuber himself is not a new Adolf Hitler. But the great fear remains that, if the particular genie that he represents were ever to be let out of the bottle, there is no telling where it would lead. — The London *Sunday Independent*

"Group Helps Those Abducted by UFOs Feel Less Alienated" — *L.A. Times*

"Officials Fear Much of Cult's Arsenal May Be Legal" — *L.A. Times*

"Western culture is committed to the idea that there are only two sexes." — Anne Fausto-Sterling, *New York Times*

Mrs. [Arianna Stassinopoulos] Huffington's goal is the redemption of the Republican Party. If she has her way, greed and selfishness will be banished forever, to be replaced by altruism, compassion, and the "kinder, gentler" world George Bush talked about but failed to deliver. — *New York Times*

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one week, actually outselling Madonna's "Erotica." Hey, maybe there's hope for our culture yet!

Music historians are griping because the plot is inaccurate, since little is known of Sainte-Colombe's life. But who cares? What's wrong with fiction? As it is, the film is a wonderful romantic tribute to musicians as well as to music, and to the best of the Old Culture. Music scholar Mark Kroll writes in the journal *Bostonia* (Spring 1993) that "there are moments in the film when one seems to be looking at a painting by Vermeer or Watteau which has come to life. Several musicians have also commented how startled they were by the *quiet*; that is, how faithfully the director was able to recreate the acoustical context in which this music was actually heard, one undisturbed by all the external white noise pollution of twentieth-century life." Yes, yes! See the movie, then buy the soundtrack, for the Baroque, in music, art, architecture, was the pinnacle that human civilization has yet reached. — M.N.R. ■

The School-Choice Scam

by Llewellyn H. Rockwell, Jr.

A private industry in Wisconsin was demanding public subsidies, no matter what the cost to an already overburdened state budget. Do tax-and-spend liberals have no shame? But wait a minute, it was the neoconservatives who went to the mattresses over this issue. And the industry they want to subsidize was private schools, in the name of school "choice."

The Bush administration wanted such a program nationally, and Republicans in Congress still do. William F. Buckley, Jr., contributed to the campaign of Linda Cross, the pro-voucher candidate for school superintendent in the recent Wisconsin election. Neoconservative pundit William J. Bennett addressed one of her fund-raising events on the glories of vouchers. And Wisconsin's Bradley Foundation, headed by neoconservative Michael Joyce, poured money into the school "choice" cause.

Despite lush national funding and vociferous backing from the *Wall Street Journal* Cross was defeated 47-35, suggesting that Wisconsinites—which under Governor Tommy Thompson is trying to reform present welfare programs—don't want a welfare program for private schools.

If some Republicans have their way, the cost to taxpayers will be astronomical. At a January National Review Institute meeting, former Bush aide James Pinkerton suggested that his party promise an $8,000 per kid government subsidy for private schools. This could create a welfare program bigger than Food Stamps and Medicare combined.

Why do Republicans favor such a program? For some, the failure of the public schools is responsible, and they see government vouchers as the alternative. They also like the fact that the National Education Association opposes the plan. But union opposition doesn't make this a good idea, and like other government subsidies, school vouchers are a bad and dangerous idea.

First, the program is expensive. None of the organizations supporting vouchers want voucher money to be taken out of existing school expenditures. They want voucher cash to be "fresh money," newly acquired from taxpayer shakedowns. That means Americans will be taxed twice for education: once for public schools and again for private ones.

Second, tuition vouchers will lead to government control of private schools. In the voucher program already running in Milwaukee, for example, and supported by the Bradley Foundation, recipient schools must abide by at least ten new statutes—some state and some federal—that regulate, among other areas, discipline, curriculum, and admissions.

The strength of private schools is their autonomy. Once they go on the dole, they will inevitably succumb to political pressure to gut religious programs and entrance requirements. Conservatives are supposed to know this.

Third, vouchers will make private schools less efficient. Right now, they must compete and stay financially sound. They are subject to the discipline of the market. Give them massive subsidies, and the incentive to control costs, and offer outstanding programs, is diminished. Conservatives are

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also supposed to know this.

We've got enough special interests looting the taxpayers right now: corporate fat cats looking for trade barriers, victim-group whiners demanding more welfare, "defense" spokesmen dreaming up new enemies to keep the dough rolling in, banks and pension funds looking for bailouts, farmers getting paid not to produce, retirees living the life of Riley off young people just getting started. How can we allow private schools to become just another public pain in the neck?

I sympathize with parents who support "school choice." They're sick of paying taxes to unresponsive public schools that don't teach their kids to read and write while threatening them with physical violence in the schoolyard and condoms in the classroom. Private schools offer a way out.

But voucher supporters haven't considered the longer term costs. Taxes will go up to pay for the new program; the federal government, the same outfit that wrecked the public school, will become more intrusive; and private schools will lose their private character.

Without a voucher, these parents *can* afford private school if they want to. Parents can forego the extra car, the summer vacation, the cable tv, the new clothes, and the restaurant meals, and use that money to send their children to a local religious school. They'll feel the pride of having paid for something themselves, they'll have a say over what their kids are taught, and they won't be living off the taxpayers.

What about tax credits for private school tuition? Although the idea is as dead as Contra funding, it has its own problems. As with the earned-income tax credit, the program would be used for redistribution. And as with vouchers, the Department of Education would try to use such credits to control private schools, and to enact iconoclasm in religious school.

Don't use tax dollars to subsidize private industry.

As to the conservatives who are promoting a new welfare mess with "choice," they should go back to first principles, one of which is: don't use tax dollars to subsidize private industry. ■

Rebel With a Cause

by L.H.R., Jr.

President Clinton has tried to cultivate an image as cooperative and personable. But his dealings with a rebel Democratic Senator from Alabama show a different side: vindictive and petty.

The Senator is Richard C. Shelby (D-AL). When Clinton presented his economic program to Congress, he demanded that Democrats not criticize any aspect of it. But noting that it constituted the biggest tax increase in U.S. history, Shelby spoke out. "The taxman cometh," he told reporters on Capitol Hill.

That began a war between him and the White House. Vice President Al Gore dropped by to make an offer the Senator couldn't refuse. But Shelby had arranged for a tv camera to be at the meeting, and he'd notified 19 Alabama tv stations that they'd soon have some great video. "It's high on taxes, low on cuts," Shelby told Gore. The clip was on the news that night.

Gore was furious, and Clinton instructed his aides Howard Paster, Rahm Emanuel, and Roy Neel to make Shelby sleep with the fishes. The administration relocated a $375 million NASA program from Huntsville, Alabama, to Houston, Texas. The switch, budget director Leon Panetta said with a straight face, would "improve management of the shuttle program."

The next day, the championship University of Alabama football team was honored by the president at the White House. The compliant Senator Howell Heflin (D-AL) got a boxful of tickets. Shelby got one.

Still, Shelby would not budge. He knew he had an advantage in the war, since Clinton-Gore came in third in Alabama,

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whereas he got 66% of the vote.

Shelby's ultimate answer to Clinton and Gore came during the Republican filibuster of the president's $16.3 billion "stimulus" payoff to his political supporters. Shelby was the only Democrat to vote to allow the Republicans to continue the debate.

The war on Shelby has, in the meantime, backfired on the administration. While the president is losing popularity in Alabama, Shelby sports an approval rating of 67% and positive mail floods his office.

In public choice economics, the Clintonian tactics are called logrolling or vote trading. This relies on the tit-for-tat strategy of you scratch my back, I'll scratch yours. But if one person defects, the other uses a baseball bat. Economists have even created models to try to predict the voting patterns of politicians based on how predictable they are in this game. Every once in a while, however, a politician decides to stick to principle. That's not in the model.

Unpredictable or not, Shelby is to be commended for his courage. Another benefit: the public nature of the quarrel alerts the public to just how petty and mean-spirited Washington, D.C., is.

Anybody with eyes to see and budget tables to read knows the Clinton package would be a disaster for the economy. It balloons the government and shrinks the private economy, and it extracts resources from people who voted against him to give to people who voted for him. It's classic liberal redistribution, along the lines of FDR's tax and tax, spend and spend, elect and elect.

Thank goodness that Southerners have always been independent types who resent the dictates of the central government, which in the last century invaded and plundered their land. And Shelby has shown that saying no can be good strategy as well.

There are some other lessons too. In any economy, the number of net taxpayers must always be larger than the number of what John C. Calhoun called "tax eaters." That's why, if the victims band together against big government and its friends, they can create an irresistible force. If those who get checks from big government are willing to forego the alleged benefits, they too can join the revolt.

Though it pretends to be all-powerful, the government always relies on the consent of the governed, to pay the taxes and to obey the regulatory commands. Clinton's big government program, and his knavish way of dealing with opponents, may just help the governed say "we've had it."

So here's to Senator Shelby, a general in the war against Clintonian socialism. May he lead lead like Robert E. Lee, but have the results of Ulysses S. Grant. ■

P.C. Watch

by L.H.R., Jr.

"Sweat, That *WSJ* Is Dope"

According to a celebratory article in the *Wall Street Journal* (3/29/93), hip advertising agencies like San Francisco's Goodby, Berlin, & Silverstein are using "slanguage," an "offspring of rap music and hip hop," an "urbanspeak" that appeals to "homeys" (blacks) and "bradys" (whites) alike. For example:

"How ya livin'?": How are you?

"Livin' large.": Just fine, thank you.

"Sweat, that suit is dope.": My friend, that's a beautiful suit.

"Lookin' for some phat.": I'm seeking a girl with a big rear end.

"She won't give up the digits.": She won't give me her phone number.

"Kicked to the curb.": I was rejected by the phat.

"I smell ya.": I understand.

Worshipping the Rat Goddess

When the congregation worships prone on the floor at the giant Karni Mata temple in Desnoke, India, thousands of rats run around and over them, reports John Ward Anderson in the *Washington Post* (3/22/93). "The devotees don't flinch. They walk through the droppings in bare feet, rats scampering over their toes. They kneel at the rat trough in front of the alter, run their fingers through the wheat, and put some in their mouths."

"The number of rats is infinite," says Vijay Dan, a clergyman at the temple where the sacred rats are fed and otherwise cared for. As one nibbles on his feet, he says with a smile, "They like dead skin."

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The temple has more than a thousand worshippers per day. When temple ministers die, they are reborn as rats, and when the rats die, they are reborn as ministers, according to the Rev. Dan. And the temple clergy are not afraid of disease. "We eat from their bowls and drink from their water."

Unhip

"The saggy, baggy look" in boys' pants at least four sizes too big "has been the rage for more than a year" in the Washington, D.C., area, and across the country, according to the *Washington Post* (4/2/93). But some high schools are considering banning the pants, because they make it easier to bring guns to school.

Wearing such almost-falling-off pants has been popularized by rap videos. It's called "jail-in'," after the fashion in prison, where belts are forbidden.

The P.C. Pulpit

Six years ago, reports the *New York Times* (3/24/93), the wife of a top Dallas minister was found unconscious in their garage. Peggy Railey, a church organist, had been choked with a cord and left in a coma, from which she has never recovered. The police have long thought that her left-liberal husband, Walker L. Railey, senior minister of the giant First United Methodist Church of Dallas, did it.

Already found guilty in a civil trial, Railey is now being brought to criminal trial. His then-five year old son thought "daddy did it," but the evidence was supposedly too circumstantial. Now it turns out that the minister had a mistress, Lucy Papillon, the twice-divorced daughter of a Methodist bishop. She had changed her last name to Papillon, French for butterfly, "to reflect the metamorphosis of my spirit," and the minister had moved to California with her. Now he's back in Texas for the trial.

The minister, "who is white and an outspoken foe of racial prejudice," claimed that a "white supremacist" group had attacked his wife, and as proof he gave the police six poison-pen notes he said he'd received. They turned out to have been written on his office typewriter, however, and a cellular phone call to his home answering machine was faked as well. "Hi, babe, I'm calling you from my mobile phone, Peg. It's about, oh, I don't know, I don't have a watch, it's between 10:30 and 10:45. My concern is that you're safe." Phone

More Quotes That Need No Comment

For years, the Department of Motor Vehicles has been the agency that New Yorkers hate more than any other, department officials concede. The reasons are obvious to anyone who has visited a district office: endless waits, surly clerks, poor information and a bureaucratic system that often forces people to spend half a day on a transaction that might take only 15 minutes in another state.

Now, in an effort to shed its unpopular image, the department plans to overhaul its services and hopes to get $6 million from the Legislature to carry out the changes. — *New York Times*

Lt. Gen. Barry McCaffrey, an assistant to General Powell and a decorated Vietnam War veteran, was waiting at the White House for a meeting and attempted to strike up a conversation with a young aide. The aide cut off the conversation, explaining that she didn't talk to military people. — *Wall St. Journal*

There is a flood of evidence that Russia is now breaking up, just as the Soviet Union did in 1991. The evidence suggests that President Yeltsin's power does not extend very far these days.... In the provinces, a host of mini-republics has appeared, each appealing to local ethnic nationalism or geographic regionalism. These new entities all are more and more inclined to regard Moscow's orders as irrelevant.... In this situation, Yeltsin enjoys much more authority and respect in the Clinton White House than he does in St. Petersburg, Rostov, Novosibirsk or Vladivostok. Those who would rush to help Yeltsin with billions of dollars in aid risk losing all our investment and earning the future hatred of those who will rule tomorrow's Russia, if there is one. — Dr. Harry Schwartz

Ira Magaziner, who is directing the Administration's 500-member health care task force,...emphasized the President's desire to allow people to "be able to choose their own doctor." — *L.A. Times*

Camelot Dept.: Reps. Edward Markey, D-Mass., and Carlos Moorhead, R-Calif., proposed a bill to extend daylight-saving time.... Also proposed: study "double" daylight-saving time—2 hours ahead—for six to eight weeks of summer. — *USA Today*

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company records showed that the call was made at 12:03am, well after the strangling. We also now know that he spent part of the evening with his mistress, something he'd neglected to tell police.

The prosecutors charge that Railey planned to kill his wife, marry his mistress, and keep his prominent church job. The latter, at least, he lost.

Bribela

With one-man, one-vote, one-time coming to South Africa, foreign companies feel free to do business there. But the local Apple Computer distributor complains that Apple has not been given the "ANC go-ahead," unlike Microsoft. The distributor approached Nelson Mandela, who said he would arrange things in return for 100 Powerbook computers. (Eric Konigsberg, *New Republic*, 4/12/93)

Tea for Two

Rapper Ice-T has issued another obscene, pro-murder album, but we're supposed to think it's OK because it includes a song about "love." According to Edna Gunderson in *USA Today* (3/26/93), the founder of "gangsta" rap complains that he "got no hugs, no kisses, none of that shit" as a kid, but he did find "love in a gang. 'Gotta lotta love, man, ain't nothin' gonna happen to you, homey.'"

Ice-T, who left Time Warner after it vetoed the cover art he wanted to use on new album, "Home Invasion," said it was "like, yo, I can't really work in this climate." The art, adorning his new Priority release, is a crude depiction of black men robbing a white boy's father and raping his mother while the kid listens to rap in his bedroom.

The rapper refused to tell the reporter his age ("Ask me again, I'm gonna hit you with my cane"), but does mention his 18-month-old illegitimate son, Little Ice.

Now a multi-millionaire, Ice-T says he hires his pals from the criminal gangs of Los Angeles to prevent trouble. "If you look out for your crew," everything will be all right. But he had to avoid telling about his gang crimes on his new record ("I speak on this with hesitation even though we're past the statute of limitations").

"I had a habit of talking about crime on my records, and I got boys still in jail. They're telling me, 'I'm trying to beat this rap, and you're up there telling people we did it!'"

Torquemada, Call Your Office

The Sisters of St. Joseph on Minnesota Street in St. Louis, Missouri, offer a full spiritual program: "Nightly Wisdom: A Dream Support Group"; "Women's Liberation Theology"; "Styles of Prayer: Meditation, Journaling, Centering, Fantasy"; "Spring Equinox Celebration"; and "Womenchurch Holy Week Celebrations."

In "Reawakening the Shaman and the Sacred Self," you will experience "integrative/holotropic breathwork, drumming and chanting, smudging and more." For the "Sweatlodge Ceremony" in honor of the "Earth Mother" and the "Great Spirit in all of us," bring "two or three rocks." "Phone to get instructions about type of rocks and how to gather them."

Reverse Twana, But Real

Missy McLaughlin, a 25-year-old white girl, accidentally locked herself out of her house on December 30, 1992, in Charleston, South Carolina, and was crossing the street to a grocery store when she was abducted by seven black men, taken to a trailer, repeatedly raped, and shot five times in the head. Her body was then dumped on the highway. One of the monsters, Matthew Mack, told the police that he and his friends had done it because of "400 years of oppression."

Civil Rights

"Michael Petty, a gay with AIDS, sued Howard Lowe, a urologist," under a San Diego ordinance that bars discrimination against homosexuals "because the doctor refused to treat Petty for impotence." Lowe "feared that curing the problem might contribute to spreading AIDS" (*Fidelity*, 3/93).

What, No St. Hillary?

At this church, they write their own "bibles," talk about Jesus Christ's "twin sister," Jesse Mae Chris(t), and address their prayers to "Father/Mother/Everything God" (*Los Angeles Times*, 2/21/93). Services celebrate "the four phases of womanhood": the menstrual cycle, virginity, fertility, and menopause. Red, white, green, and black candles symbolize these. And no men are allowed, "since there is a lot of talk

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about female body functions."

Founded eight years ago by the Rev. Crystal Bujol, a former data processor, the First Woman's Church in L.A. "speaks to her as an African-American woman." Christianity didn't "nurture the black and female side of me." Claiming Africa as the source of all spirituality, Bujol calls Jessie Mae an "African-American goddess, the Comforter."

"What you lookn at?"

The Future?

As a believer in miscegenation as the "solution to America's social woes," Morton Kondracke says that he's "been delighted to see so many depictions of interracial romance in popular culture of late. Arthur Spiegelman's *New Yorker* cover showing a Hasidic man embracing a dreadlocked black women"; *The Bodyguard* "happily treated the interracial aspect without comment. *Love Field* features Michelle Pfeiffer involved with Dennis Haybert. And in *The Crying Game*, of course, love is interracial," as well as homosexual. The "movies and tv have yet to give us a warm, lasting interracial marriage to serve as a cultural example. But wait. It'll happen." (*The New Republic*, 3/22/93)

"I Can't Imagine Ever Wanting To Be White"

That's the slogan on the button that proves you've paid your admission to the 1993 Biennial Exhibition at the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York City.

Visitors, notes Paul Richard in the *Washington Post* (3/5/93), are greeted with a life-size photo of five angry young blacks, spraypainted with "What you lookn at."

Assembled by curator Elizabeth Sussman, the artworks also include portrayals of "Mexican hookers, battered women, gang members, and transvestites." Especially striking are "Janine Antoni's gnawed cubes of lard and chocolate." There are also eight sets of giant gold-plated basketball sneakers.

The exhibition ends with this message in two-foot high letters: "In the rich man's house, the only place to spit is in his face."

O Clapton, My Clapton

British rock star Eric Clapton once supported Enoch Powell's call for an end to non-white immigration. In 1976 at a Birmingham, England, concert, Clapton shouted, "Send them all back. Keep Britain white." He redeemed himself, however, by playing at a 1989 benefit concert for Nelson Mandela. (*The New Republic*, 3/29/93) ■

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